Spent Sunday morning with Katherine Fanes: who is much like a green statue draped.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Tuesday.

1907?

She and I sent by me a novel every week.

My Violet.

You do make me feel penitent. When I hear of your worries & wishes - I don't know if a pen is a fatal thing for a it is to me - I feel positively fraudulent - like one who sets sympathy on false pretences. Remember my dear delightful & fascitic - Eccentric - how shall we end it? perhaps Giraffe. That I hate

Spent Sunday morning with Rosamund Tennant. She is much like a Greek statue

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

dressed. Tuesday.

1907?

She and I sometimes meet every week.

My Violet.

You do make me feel penitent. When I hear of your worries & wishes - I almost know if a pen is a fatal to you as it is to me - I feel positively fraudulent - like one who sets sympathy on false pretences. Remember my dear delightful Egoistic & Eccentric - how shall we end it - perhaps Straffe. That I hate

writing letters. I would rather
send telegrams, save that my
style is too expensive. NYPL
But I am perfectly well: am I
I the healthiest woman in
London? I do regret that I
expressed myself so forcibly that
day: it was only a passing
melancholy. I don't think I
can do very good work just yet,
but I have infinite delight in
exploring my own mind. I
am going to write something
serious, needing work; & I am
stumbling through Lucretius. I

hope also. But this I must whisper.
that I have found a house. in
Fitzroy Square. Bernard Shaw —
his mother lived there for many
years. There are the usual
intricacies; but Adrian is rather
keener — & I don't think we shall
do much better. Still this is only
a phantom so far. Then
every morning I come down to
a great sheet signed Vanessa Bell.
"Put in as many superlatives
as you like in your account of
me." You can't say too much.
You can't think how delicious
it is here. It's simply divine. warm
& sunny. We lead the most
healthy existence — early to bed —
late to rise. a walk on the
beach in the morning — why
the pictures in the afternoon.
Clive thinks me looking

remarkably well, he says. O I am d-d d-d happy. I am doing a sketch of my husband reading. I find it most exciting beginning again.
So you can read in my chapters here. It really does make one less cynical to read her letters. I had 6 invitations NYPL yesterday: one from Ly. Young, to stay with her for weeks, as a great kindness. I have had this post sent: I wrote it in the summer: it is only a dutiful exercise. Margaret d- & I kissed on the doorstep. I met her at a dissenting people: handshakes all round afterwards. She is a very nice woman. Now I will write: but for God's sake Do SLEEP.
Good night
A

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

[1907]

My Violet,

I am sorry for your disapproval - but I don't think I take Mr. Crum's verdict. After all, I was strongly warned against Manchester St - a most disreputable by an agent. I have written to Jack to ask him to find out at once, & let me know. I discussed it with Ina

the Quaker; & she says that
unless the house is sold
in disreputable hands
She thinks it would be a
pity to go by what people
say of the neighbourhood.
If the house had a bad name
it might be unpleasant — but
I cant believe it has.
But however, when one asks
for advice it means agreement.
& I come to a pass when I
must settle for myself —

NYPL

Please dont bother, or write, to Shaw, or
do anything.

Thers. Meg dont make a
2d. drama. Except that
I swear.

Twit wits eyes.
Upper Montagu St. has fallen
through. or the woman went
take off her premium.

I am a troublesome scratching
fleesome & fretful beast_
but affectionally grateful. How
shall I ever say that loud enough?
Shall I come down to Aldeburgh for
the night?

GBS.

July 16.
1907.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

1

[July 16.
1907]

Friday.

My Violet,

You will be glad or sorry
or merely indifferent to hear
that George has another son-
born this morning at 9.30 —
both well. I feel some
kind of affection, though our
kinship is much diluted —
Herbert + Duckworth!
But now to business.
I really do want your advice.

about this house. Will you listen
to the facts & give me your
verdict?
Sophia approves of it in every
particular; Shaw tells me it is
in a sound state, well built
& can be decorated for £150 – most
of which is outer paint, ruffled
by our landlord. They will
put in a bath – There is electric
light. All things about the
place are satisfactory: & the
agents believe that we shall
get it for £120 –
Beatrice comes to-end, inarticulate
with meaning, & begs me not

to take the house because of the
neighbourhood. You say something
about that this evening. Wch-
how am I to judge - or what
importance except I to attach to
respectability? There is a Boys
College on one side: a Dr. on the
other: there are hospitals &
institutions at intervals.
nursing homes. Bernard Shaw, ex
his mother, wh the last tenant.
The street is wandering & dingy -
but no worse than Italy or here
I should say. Anyhow for
see my predicament: If I
hint at any question of respectability
to Jorge I feald a Jack. Italy will
refuse to let me take it - &
yet I have spent every day for a month

looking for houses. I feel – desperate I should say if you would let me speculate – when I think of beginning all over again. The only alternative is the Upper Montagu Street house, which I saw to day with Sophia. She says it is 'not a patch on Fitzroy Square' & very dirty – but we could manage there. I dont want to take a house which would be unpleasantly disreputable. I dont want to be frightened off a house by a vague phantom, probably unnoticeable. Can you discriminate between all these interests? Such are the trials of affection. Your word would settle my mind either way. I do begin to feel that we must make up our minds; & the last week or two have produced no possible houses.

2

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Thank the Lord, that disastrous ci
der. Do you want to see me
or dont you? I made some kind of
tentative proposal to come down
for a night which like so many
sensitive idea of mine died of
silence. I could always come for
a night. I dont really know your
plan.
Walter Headlam came to tea to day,
with Lytton Strachey. I hate
pouring out tea, & talking like a
lady, & realising my own inadequacy
without hers. However it has
to be faced. I wonder - You
wouldn't invite it! - how you

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

are, & whether for sleep at night, &
when I may expect to find your
body & soul harmonious again.
Your soul was floating like a
captive balloon last time I saw
you; a white globe, transparent
& ethereal, veined with fire.
O isn't that pretty! I am
spending all my hoarded Carnaby
Upon you Velazquez Adrian is dining
out, & I should be reading a
novel called 'Temptation' for
the Times. But such is my
prudery, that when temptation
is written out in plain English,
I throw the book under the
sofa, & take to my virgin sheet.

NYPL

living much alone as I do I find it necessary to think a pleasant prejudice. Lucretius - Violet.

Tomorrow we go down to the Quaker: I dont look forward to it - to her - but I suppose we shall do some gymnastic feat of the emotions - some crisis - a reconciliation. All my friends are silent, like frogs when the moon rises; or house sparrows at sun set. Katharine Pierce is too erratic to count upon. Beatrix almost too energetic. I love them both: I love them when they are not there - they leave beautiful spaces behind them. Now some people I love in the flesh.

I am trying every morning to finish a long dawn at Pisa & writing. Which dwindles in like some elongated nightcap - tallow candle -

x then I shall plunge into the depths of some soporific work. Needing green spectacles. I can't write - but I suppose it doesn't matter. Why did Sir Shew Walter Crum find that proof? It was really only a dutiful exercise - But any praise is welcome.

NYPL

Nena still writes very inarticulate letters - I don't much realize what has happened. Still it would have been unbearable if she hadn't married. I don't get reconciled to anything. She brought upon me a considerable difference: do I owe a few written ink letter for letter?

Write one line: Don't bother.

E.D.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Feby 1907

My Violet:

We have waited: I can't go in to all our reasons & emotions. Anyhow the thing is not settled, & we try to come to a clear judgment. Only it is about as difficult as it can be: Jack wants it & he belongs 'perfectly respectable.' Shaw the builder by his wife. send his car with them: the Dr. says Jack is all right

but he has gone to ask
at the Police Station &
shall hear the result to-morrow.
It's no use writing. I
can't say it is damnably
disappointing — NYPL
the worst of it is that it seems
so impossible to make a
good decision; supposing they
are as Mrs Shaw say
we'd. they really be do
unpleasant as to make the
house untenable!
Really it is an endless
bore: we shant get a better,
I think Shaw agrees. GBS.

I will come on Friday 4.
& I will come down to
the cott. on Sat.
but it no good my
coming if I have to
start house hunting again.
W. It be easier if I come
for Sunday - Sally & went
later - Sara & Ned?

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Feb 1907

My Violet.

No letter from Jack or from Mrs Shaw: so we have made an offer for the house, & think we have probably got it. I am sure this is right. Here is a card from the Quaker.

I am sorry I bothered you-

46. Gordon Square.
Bloomsbury.

I dont think I have acted
in a hurry. - I dont
mean to repent. I have
stick to interview lawyers.

NYPL

I cant dine on Friday, as
Jerrold is coming here
to go to the Friday
Club - but I will come
to tea - 4.30 - or 4 -

EMF.

Adrian & Sophia are both
unbearfating.